ANSWER

TO

A LETTER

FROM A

WELSH FREEHOLDER,

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL,
LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S,

ON

THE CHARGE HE LATELY DELIVERED TO THE CLERGY OF HIS DIOCESE.

BY A CLERGYMAN
OF THE DIOCESE OF ST. DAVID'S.

——— *Subit alter,*
Et novus alter,
Et novus urget
Interiturus.

Yr Jesu yr wyf yn ei adnabod, a Phaul a adwean; eithr pwy ydych chwi?—*Actau* 19, 15.

Jesus I know, and Paul I know;—but who are ye?—*Acts* 19, 15.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR E. AND T. WILLIAMS, No. 13, STRAND;
AND J. DANIEL, CARMARTHEN.

1790.

ANSWER

TO

A LETTER

FROM

WELSH FREEHOLDER

TO THE

WELSH FREEHOLDER.

SIR,

YOUR zeal is ſo forward as to overſtep the modeſty of the occaſion; and were your powers equal to your enterprize, I might be weak enough perhaps to fear for the objects of your attack—inviolable as I know the prelate to be, and ſacred as I eſteem his cauſe. But fortunately, Sir, the intention and the act of enmity are different things. The *heart to conceive*, is not always connected with *the hand to execute*; and a heart of turbulence, with a hand of imbecility, preſents a mortifying exhibition of our corrupt and weak nature. Of the various requiſites of an accompliſhed controverſialiſt,

troverſialiſt, I can, in truth, Sir, compliment you on poſſeſſing only that eagerneſs, which can engage before the ſignal; that hardineſs, which can march to aſſertion through the breach of truth; and that intrepid and ſtrong-nerved ambition, which can ſolicit diſtinction by inſulting ſuperior worth.

On old Lily's principle, that the maſculine is more worthy than the *neuter*, I have noticed you, Sir, before your letter. Of this *thing*, indeed, I find it difficult to ſpeak. Vague, flimſy, and illuſory—it baffles contention like a ſhadow: and, while it ſeems to talk and to threaten, it offers nothing to the underſtanding or the touch. Like the miſhapen phantoms, which the *hero was tempted to aſſault, it gives only to the ſenſe the impreſſion of undefined uglineſs, and of inoffenſive hoſtility.

But I may be diſqualified, perhaps, for the proper appreciation of your performance. Acquaint me, then, with the eſtimate and character that I am to form of it. Am I to conſider it

* Æneid, l. vi. p. 290.

as argument? To argument it does not even pretend. As compoſition? Its worth of this kind was inſufficient to procure it admiſſion into a provincial newſpaper, and is, in fact, ſo humble as to place it beneath criticiſm. In a general abſence of literary merit, it would be idle to remark that uniformity of *warlike* metaphor, which *alarms* and tires the ear: or that peculiar want of ſkill, which, unable to arrange ſome awkward malevolence in the chief apartment of the text, throws the diſorderly rubbiſh into the lumber-room of the notes. Till you are able then to correct the erroneous judgment that I may have formed of it, you muſt pardon me, Sir, if I regard your letter only as a *thing* of challenge, and of inſult:—as a *thing*, avowed indeed to be the produce of the Dioceſe of St. David's; but in fact, I believe, only conceived *here*, and brought *elſewhere* into light:—as the homely materials of Wales, manufactured ſhaped—inartificially enough it muſt be allowed, in the metropolis.

But you ſhall not be diſappointed of that diſtinction, which is your object; nor ſhall your merits with your party be ſtinted by my neglect. In the Unitarian Calendar—it ſhall not be

be my fault if you are not diſtinguiſhed as a Saint, or perhaps as a Martyr.—Your piece, Sir, ſhall be noticed; and it ſhall be treated with more than juſtice—with generoſity. Its full worth ſhall be explored. Of the coyneſs of its meaning, which ſometimes retreats from our apprehenſion, no advantage ſhall be taken. Its meaning ſhall be courted in its retirement; and for it, Sir, I will even dive into the dirtineſs of INSINUATION, and rifle the poverty of A SNEER!

The object, as you tell us, of your attack, is a Charge lately delivered to his Clergy, by the Biſhop of St. David's. This Charge, Sir, you apprehend to be levelled immediately at the Diſſenters, and intended by its Author entirely to overthrow that cauſe, in the praiſes of which you ſeem to be very earneſt, as you are very loud. With this apprehenſion, real or affected, you ſtep forward as the *conventicle and field-preacher's* champion;—mark out the liſts;—adjuſt the terms of combat; and ſometimes in a ſportive, and ſometimes in an angry tone;—now with the exotic politeneſs of a gentleman, and now with the native illiberality of a partizan—call out the Prelate to the mortal arbitrement of the *grey-gooſe* quill!

It

It happens unfortunately, Sir, that this apprehenſion of yours, on which ſo much ſtature and bulk are raiſed, is itſelf without foundation. By your own, or another's recollection, the Biſhop's charge has been imperfectly ſuggeſted to you; or rather, perhaps, from your ſtronger attachment to party than to truth, it has deſignedly been miſrepreſented by you to the public. Adapted to the ſituation and wants of that particular claſs of men to whom it was addreſſed, it reſpected *doctrines* rather than *eſtabliſhments*. Its objects, I ſpeak from the impreſſion which it made on me when it was delivered, were inſtruction, not controverſy—defence, not attack. Soon, however, I conclude, it will iſſue from the preſs—and in its merit, it will carry to the world its ſplendid panegyric. Your attack on it will then be in ſeaſon, and in character, and may be conducive to your end. From the blow aimed at excellence, a degree of perverſe reputation uſually reſults: and the attempt to gratify the malignity of the vulgar, by the depreſſion of injurious eminence, is found to ſecure all the applauſe which their gratitude can confer.

But you ſoon withdraw your notices from the avowed object of your letter, the Biſhop's charge, and direct them generally to the merits of your party,

party, and the conſequent demerits of its formidable antagoniſt. Your praiſe and your cenſure are thrown about with ſufficient liberality and importance. But, with happy inefficacy, your varniſh will not brighten, nor your daub ſully; and your friends, perhaps, may feel more provocation from the *former*, than your adverſary can from the *latter*. With this perſuaſion, Sir, and not to adopt your example of *premature* aggreſſion, I ſhall leave your party for the preſent to the enmity and miſchief of its panegyriſt. Exult, then, if you pleaſe, in the fanaticiſm and exceſſes, which diſtinguiſhed it in the laſt century; or in the turbulence, love of power, and unſteadineſs of attachment, which form its character in this! Call its union, at one period, with our Church, from the terror of a more dreaded ſect,—friendlineſs to our eſtabliſhment: or its adherence, at another, to the Houſe of Brunſwick, from the compulſion of a common danger, loyalty and affection to our government!—Proceed, Sir, and call the ſpirit of attack, literary induſtry—and the vanity of authorſhip, literary talents. Nay, Sir, for the compilers of dictionaries, the venders of periodical criticiſm, and the artificers of a few ſucceſsful experiments, challenge, if you are ſo inclined, the notices of univerſities,

verſities, and arrogate the admiration of Europe! I will not interrupt you in your career of congratulation and conceit. Permit me only to obſerve, that through the plain ſpectacles of hiſtory, I can read little of thoſe virtues and merits which your ſeem to diſcover by the powers of your party-glaſſes. Of a ſpecies of conſiſtency alone I can allow you to be proud. Between you and your Puritan predeceſſors, the niceſt diſcrimination can aſcertain only one inſtance in which the reſemblance fails. The lees of fanaticiſm with *them*, are with you degenerated, by a proceſs not uncommon, into the venom of hereſy and irreligion. But I take my leave, Sir, of the object of your regard, and proceed to that of your conſiſtent animoſity.

As well as your deſultory ſenſe can be arreſted, the Biſhop of St. David's ſeems to be honoured with your diſapprobation in his *epiſcopal*, his *controverſial*, and even in his *perſonal* character.

In a ſtrain of ſomething that wiſhes, I believe, to be raillery, you prefer againſt the Prelate the heavy charges of attempting the reparation of his cathedral; of enforcing throughout his dioceſe the care of the pariſh churches; of di-

verting to the ſupport of theſe *uſeleſs* edifices, the money which would accommodate your friends with conventicles; and of protecting the eſtabliſhment to which he is attached, and which is conſided to his guardianſhip by the laws, from the invaſion of diſſenting principles, from diſſenting ſeminaries!—That they, who hold your language reſpecting hierarchies and eſtabliſhments, ſhould conſider this conduct as criminal, is ſurely no proper object of ſurprize. But *theſe* happily are few. Your intercourſe with your ſpecies ſeems to be very limited: and the ſmall heaven which rounds your own little field of party, may appear to your eye as the horizon of the world. But believe me, Sir, notwithſtanding the righteous labours of your great propagator of anarchy and ſcepticiſm, the friends of religion and order ſtill conſtitute the nation. To name theſe charges againſt the Biſhop, will, therefore, be ſufficient notice of them. With your faction they will admit of no palliation;—and with the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND they will require none.

In ſome profeſſions of thankfulneſs with which you, rather ungracefully, ſport, Mr. Pitt has the honour of partaking with the Biſhop of St. David's. Your obligation to theſe opponents of

yours,

yours, in Church and State, are indeed conſiderable. They have brought you to an acquaintance with your own principles; and, by ſhowing them to be hereſy and ſedition, have ſecured and ſtrengthened your attachment to them.

Your ſlight glance at the Prelate's conduct on the canvaſs for Carmarthen might paſs without obſervation, were it not to remark your ſkill, derived, no doubt, from the ſuperiors of your party, in conferring immortality on a profitable calumny. The conduct, to which you point, was explained in ſuch a manner, as to ſecure it from any reaſonable apprehenſion of future miſconſtruction, in a letter with the ſignature of FANNIUS, in the Gloceſter Journal. This letter attracted too much general notice to elude the eye of a party-zealot like yourſelf. It was, however, unanſwered!—But you prudently ſuffered the weak ſlander, which it attacked, to die without a ſtruggle, that you might in your own time reſuſcitate, and employ it in your ſervice. The manner in which you repreſent Mr. Fox as noticing, in the debate on the Teſt Act, the tranſaction that is now before us, is not altogether conſiſtent with fact. That gentleman received the injurious ſtory as it was handed to him

him by your friends; but he disappointed their expectations, by not wandering from his own character into the narrowness and sharpness of puritan invective. But it is matter of much surprize to me that you, Sir, or any of your faction, should bring forward without a blush the name of Mr. Fox;—recollecting, as you must, that you deserted him in his distress, and courted him in your own!

By your notes, Sir, and by some *Italics*, meant, I conclude, to supply the defective significancy of your words, you insinuate that the Prelate's want of popularity is not restricted to your party within his diocese.—This, of all your insinuations, I am the most anxious to meet and to repel;—and not from any concern for the Bishop, but with a feeling for that very respectable body of which I am a member.—For, uniformly intent on conciliating their affection by unvarying justice, equal attentions, zeal for their best interests, the failure of the Bishop would be the crimination of his Clergy. Happy I am, however, from my connexion and acquaintance with them, to be able to clear my brothers of the gown from the aspersion which you are desirous of throwing on them.

them. Feelingly ſenſible as they have been made of the abuſes reſulting from the ſhort reſidencies of their Biſhops, they regard with pleaſure a Dioceſan who reſides principally among them; who ſolicits, and not unſucceſsfully, an acquaintance with them,—their fortunes—their characters: whom they can approach at all times, unchilled with the formality, and uninſulted by the inſolence of inferior office: with whom, indeed, the plea of honeſt poverty may ſometimes be accepted for merit; but with whom no inſinuation, no unſupported accuſation,—nothing, in ſhort, but actual and ſubſtantiated miſconduct can injure the diſtant, the poor, or the obnoxious clergyman.

To the crimes, which you thought proper to urge againſt the Prelate, of attention to the repairs of his Churches, and of jealous ſuperintendence of our Eſtabliſhment, you might have added his delinquency in oppoſing the accumulation of ſmall benefices, and in redreſſing the diſproportioned poverty of his Curates! From ſuch delinquency the timidity, or the prudence, or the virtue, if you pleaſe, Sir, of his predeceſſors retired.—But from the ſuſpected ſources of unpopularity, he has drawn

aug-

augmented regard. If a ſenſe of intereſt has extorted a complaint from *the few*, acknowledged propriety and juſtice have conciliated *the many*, and attached them the more firmly to their Dioceſan. Among his Clergy, Sir, the wiſh for his continuing in a ſtation, in which the energy of his virtue is of ſuch eſſential benefit to them, is, I am perſuaded, *general*. If any are deſirous of his removal, they are the BAD, who are hurt by the inhibition of his control; or the DISINTERESTED, with whom the advantage of their benefactor takes precedency of their own. On this ſubject, Sir, another circumſtance muſt alſo be mentioned.—Among the Clergy of the Dioceſe of St. David's, are men of reading and reflection, who adhering on principle to the faith which they profeſs, and to the Church of which they are Miniſters, contemplate with abhorrence the attempts of your friends to undermine one, and to invalidate the other. Theſe men, and they are numerous, are bound by the ties of very powerful obligation indeed to the able and learned Prelate, who preſides over them. To him they feel indebted for a defence of their opinions, and a ſupport of their Church, which the united exertions of your friends will never be able to impugn.

impugn. The value of theſe benefits the greater part of our Clergy know how to appreciate: and it is impoſſible that they ſhould withhold from the author of them, their reſpect—their affection, and, to honour one of your expreſſions by borrowing it, *their undiſſembled eſteem.* Yes, Sir—the Prelate has in his favour the full and hearty ſuffrage of his Clergy: and to them I ſhould pay no very extraordinary compliment were I to aſſert, that their voice gives as certain and as honourable an evidence of merit, as (I allude to a tranſaction which you have brought forward in a ſhape to deceive) the voice of YOUR PHILOSOPHERS;—the Vulcano-men, and cullers of ſimples, who, with their hardy and circumnavigating Preſident, have nearly exiled ſcience and philoſophy from the precincts of the Royal Society!

I by no means wonder that the Prelate ſhould give you as little ſatisfaction in his *controverſial*, as he appears to have done in his *paſtoral* character. Your ſympathy with your party ſeems to be very perfect: and of diſappointed vanity and ambition it is the privilege to be peeviſh. To rail, indeed, and to affect to undervalue, are the pride and conſolation of defeat: and in

the

the courſe of his honeſt celebrity, the Biſhop muſt be content to abide the pitileſs ſhower of abuſe and defamation. His fortitude, it is true, may very well enable him to bear it:—for it will fall on him as lightly, as the unwholeſome breath of a fen, drawn up by the ſun, and deſcending on him in dew. This, Sir, is the ſeaſon for the exerciſe of your bad paſſions.—Improve it—and be the ſlave to diminiſh the pride of your adverſary in his triumph! in that triumph, which, believe me, is awarded to him by the ſuffrage of his country. The great zealot of Scepticiſm may write, and Mr. Lindſay may inſtruct us in his merits.—The Doctor may play his tricks within, and the Scaramouch may blow his trumpet at the door:—but all will be in vain!—the game is decided:—the public mind is ſatisfied on the queſtion:—the public ear and eye are no longer to be attracted by hereſy and confuſion: and we are likely, indulge in what dreams you pleaſe, to hand unimpaired to our Children that faith, and that eſtabliſhment, which we received from our fore-fathers. Make then, your moſt ſtrenuous exertions! Miſrepreſent—defame—if poſſible degrade! Look downward into the pool of faction, and ſee the higheſt planet of the ſyſtem beneath your feet! The occupation

cupation may amuſe yourſelves, and will not injure your antagoniſt:—for be aſſured that the labours of all your friends, from the vain P—— to the ſcurrilous Gilbert Wakefield, will never draw the veneration of the world from the name of HORSLEY, nor perſuade this age, the only age in which they can hope for audience, not to admire, in the ſame man, the rare union of the ſcholar, the philoſopher, and the divine! Your own ſmall attempts to accompliſh this great object of your party, are peculiarly unſucceſsful. You attack with all your engines a ſingle paſſage detached from the controverſial writings of the Prelate; and, after all is done, you make very little impreſſion on it. When it is mentioned that the point in controverſy, to which the paſſage belongs, was brought, at the inſtance of your great Apoſtle of reaſon, to the bar of reaſon, where the voice of Plato and Plotinus have a good claim to be heard, the pop-guns of your 29th and 30th page will be ſmart only againſt yourſelf. To the weak argument againſt the Trinity, drawn from its incomprehenſibility; or, in other words, from the incapacity of the mind to form any repreſentation or phantaſm of it, nothing ſtronger can be oppoſed than the equal incomprehenſibility of the Unity:—and on this ſubject, the eyes of a man, involved

in the pride of reaſon, and rejecting the inſpiration of the ſacred canon, are *moſt likely to be opened to his own ignorance in the ſchool of Plato.* From the obſcurity of the Parmenides, no occaſion of reaſonable complaint can be ſuggeſted againſt the Biſhop of St. David's. To him this difficult compoſition is intelligible; and when he placed it in the hands of his adverſary, he was not aware of his inability to impart with it his own knowledge and underſtanding.

When, to leſſen the Prelate's philoſophical reputation, you talk of *ungeometric demonſtrations*, you deal wholly in aſſertion: and, on ſuch a ſubject, aſſertion from a man without ſcience, and influenced by party, is altogether unworthy of notice. Were your inſinuation againſt the popularity of the Biſhop as a mathematician in one of our Univerſities, juſtified by the fact, his mortification would be alleviated by the applauſe of England and of Europe. But your deſire to ſtrike a blow has, as uſual, thrown you aſide from the guard of truth: and I can treat the paſſage to which I allude, as nothing more than a wiſh to inſult an illuſtrious individual, by defaming a learned univerſity.

On

On the Prelate's *perſonal* character, to which your pervading enmity ſeems to extend—I ſhall not throw away a word. To the world my praiſes of it would be unneceſſary; and to his acquaintance they would be ſuperfluous. Beſides, my preſent object is not to write a panegyric on the Biſhop of St. David's, but to refute the malice, and correct the petulance of his maligner!

I now take my leave of you, Sir, and our correſpondence cloſes for ever. If I ſhould be drawn into controverſy, in oppoſition to the ſtrong reſiſtance of my heart—it muſt be by an arm of more force than you can boaſt. The talents of my opponent muſt be ſpecious, if not commanding: ſufficient to withdraw his cauſe from my contempt, if they cannot obtrude it on my reſpect. My opponent in ſhort, Sir, if too weak to diſpatch his ſhaft to the ſeat of life, muſt at leaſt be vigorous enough to enable it to ſmart. This opponent, Sir, you are not: and whether he can be ſupplied from the ranks of that faction, with which you aſſociate yourſelf, and of which, in admiſſion of your claim, I have conſidered you as the champion—muſt hereafter be aſcertained by the event. You, however,

ever, are out of the debate. Meaſure the field with as large a ſtride as you pleaſe:—be laviſh of your defiance, of your anger, of your mirth,—of the perſonalities, which you diſclaim and employ!—You are in perfect ſafety from every enemy but yourſelf!—The exhauſting conflict of your own paſſions, and the effects of wielding inſtruments, which, without edge to your adverſary, may, perhaps, ſhock your own hand—are all that you have to dread. Neither the Biſhop of St. David's, nor any one of his numerous friends, can in future conſider you as an object of their attention.

P. S. Having reſcued the letter of Fannius, from an old Gloceſter Journal, I ſubjoin it for your uſe and entertainment.

TO THE

Printer of the Gloceſter Journal.

SIR,

EXEMPTION from calumny and cenſure is the lot of obſcurity alone: eminence and celebrity muſt not hope for it. With a ſmall range of intellectual and moral action, we may paſs unremarked and unmoleſted through life;—for we are beneath envy, and not acroſs the path of intereſt. But in the man, the energy of whoſe virtue occupies a wide circle, and whoſe ſplendor enlightens an extenſive ſphere, the bad paſſions of humanity ſee much that injures and affronts; and the corruption of his ſpecies lifts againſt him its thouſand hands, and points at him the ſharpneſs and malignity of its thouſand tongues. He is certain, indeed, of his

his compenſation; but, with all the benefactors of mankind, he muſt look for it, beyond the gratitude of the many, in the approbation of the good, the conſcious exertion of ſuperior excellence, and the teſtimony of his heart to a life of acknowledged, and of executed duty.

Theſe remarks, the truth of which is rooted in human nature, and authenticated by the evidence of all ages, receive preſent propriety and atteſtation from the attacks, which, at this criſis, are levelled from the preſs at the *Biſhop of* St. David's. Aware from early life of the momentous reſponſibility annexed to great talents, this eminent man ſeems to have conſidered the rich gifts which he received from nature, and the large acquiſitions which he gained from ſcience, as the property of his ſpecies. With his power, his exertions for the common good have uniformly increaſed; and the Biſhop has acted on a larger theatre the ſame part with the Archdeacon and the Pariſh Prieſt. No ſooner was he raiſed, by a diſtinction equally honourable to the patron and the patronized, to be the ornament of the epiſcopal bench, than he comprehended the duties of his high ſtation with clearneſs, and executed them with effect. Within the circle of his action,

tion, the indigent were relieved, the oppreſſed protected, the injured redreſſed, the negligent admoniſhed, the vicious corrected. The whole of his large Dioceſe, in ſhort, was pervaded by the ſtrong control of his eye, by the juſtice and the beneficence of his hand.

But not ſatisfied with this exemplary and efficient diſcharge of extended duty, he was carried, by the vigor and rectitude of his views, to the general care of that eccleſiaſtical and civil conſtitution, to which he was attached by principle, and of which his ſituation exalted him to be a guardian. While he defended, therefore, the doctrines of his church from the aſſaults of hereſy, he conſidered himſelf obliged to protect its eſtabliſhment from the invaſion of ſchiſm. As laws and government are neceſſary, in our imperfect ſtate, to control the paſſions of men, he ſaw that the inſtitution of a national church was alſo neceſſary to appeaſe, if not to over-rule, the conflict of their religious opinions. He perceived that there was a line beyond which civil liberty, and religious toleration might be urged to their own extinction:—that, preſſed with too vehement a heat, the aliment might eſcape, and the poiſon be detected. By the ſpirit of our conſtitution

conſtitution he acknowledged the *line of ſafety* to be defined;—the *temperature of health* to be aſcertained: and, between our civil and our eccleſiaſtical polity, experience had demonſtrated the connection to be ſo intimate, that, like two bodies animated with one ſoul, they had expired and reviyed in the ſame inſtant. With this importance of our eſtabliſhed church ſettled in his mind, he could not conſider the defence of it by barriers as an object of no moment:—and if barriers were neceſſary, thoſe which had been planted by the wiſdom of ſucceſſive legiſlatures; and the efficiency of which was now evinced by the violence and the inveteracy of the aſſailants, ſeemed to him to be the moſt worthy of regard. On this view of the conteſt between the Diſſenters and the Church, to which he was led by a ſeries of ſtrong and juſt reaſoning, his conduct was worthy of his character and his cauſe. Concealment and evaſion he left to thoſe who needed them,—to the wicked and the weak. His mind came forward in his actions. At this criſis of alarm and danger, he called on the Clergy of his dioceſe not to deſert the community, and themſelves. While he pointed to their obſervation the force, the combination, the object, and the malignity of their adverſaries; he recommended

commended to their adoption that powerful ſpirit of unanimity, which could hold together ſuch an heterogeneous maſs of principles and opinions as conſtituted the army of the foe, and could impel it in one weighty body againſt the bulwarks of the Church. This conduct, Sir, was more than irreproachable;—it was laudable:—not merely compatible with the duty of a Biſhop; but illuſtrative of it, and exemplary. A contrary mode of proceeding, at a juncture like the preſent, could reſult only from ignorance, incapacity, timidity, or indolence; and with theſe the *Biſhop of* ST. DAVID'S held no commerce, and acknowledged no acquaintance.—— But exertions of effect againſt a ſtrong party, muſt neceſſarily expoſe their author to all the *pains and penalties*, which intereſt, exaſperated by diſappointment, can inflict. The Diſſenters, and they who, for the purpoſe of temporary convenience, inliſt under the banners of the Diſſenters, have been loud in their reſentments; and have levied againſt the Champion of the Church *the puny war of women and boys*,——abuſe, miſrepreſentation, and menace. The PRELATE has been accuſed, Sir, of departing from the propriety of his character: and the LORD OF PARLIAMENT, of employing *unconſtitutional* influence in the elections

of the Commons. The ſanctuary of epiſtolary correſpondence has been violated to drag a letter before the public; and the dignity of truth and of common ſenſe has been affronted for the purpoſe of converting this *private* letter into a *circular* addreſs. To add the laſt round to the ſcale of malevolence and abſurdity,—VOTES OF CENSURE have been threatened; and IMPEACHMENTS—itis difficult to proceed without laughter, have been brought forward in terrifying perſpective!

If his interpoſition, Sir, had been granted to the ſuit of Mr. Wyndham's party, in the late conteſt for Glamorganſhire, the Prelate would juſtly have been obnoxious to the imputation of deſcending from the eminence of his character, to the low and vulgar level of election politics. His influence, then, Sir, not under the direction of any great principle, muſt have acted in ſubſerviency to private friendſhip, or to miniſterial connection. But it was not to be ſo proſtituted:—and to his regard, on this occaſion, to his high character, muſt the Biſhop aſcribe the greater part of the clamour with which he is, at preſent, aſſailed.

You

You are not, Sir, I conclude, yet to learn, that their clamour does not iſſue from the mouth of *principle*; but the following fact may be new to you. So little ſenſible of the impropriety of *Epiſcopal interference in popular elections* was the *leader of the indignant band*, that the great name, which was with-held from his party, he ſeized upon by *ſtealth*, and, canvaſſing with the *ſurreptitious credit* on his tongue, he pilfered for his candidate a few diſhonourable votes.

But the Lord of Parliament has been accuſed of exerting his influence, where the exertion of it was prohibited by the conſtitution.—That in ſome late provincial tranſactions, the Biſhop of St. David's did not permit his influence to be loſt in the cold death of neutrality—is an admitted fact. But on what objects, in what manner, with what ſpirit, and with what views, did he ſuffer its energy to operate?——Did it attempt to bias the landholder or the tradeſman?—Did it ſolicit the vote of a clergyman, by the *expreſſed* or the *implied* promiſe of preferment?—Did it condeſcend to obey the control of private or of public connexion; and degrade itſelf to the ſervice of any little party in the province, or

in

in the ſtate?—No, Sir.—With friends on *either ſide of the Houſe*, that candidate, who had entered into raſh and alarming engagements with a faction, dangerous IMMEDIATELY to our eccleſiaſtical, and *not remotely* to our civil conſtitution, forfeited the Prelate's wiſhes for his ſucceſs. In a buſineſs of the firſt importance to the Clergy, as citizens, and as members of the church, their *appointed guardian* and *adviſer* gave them inſtructions for their conduct:—and, with the large objects of the ſtate and the church in his contemplation, the Biſhop overlooked the Miniſter and his opponents, as too minute to obtrude upon regard.—To *prove*, and to *call* ſuch conduct UNCONSTITUTIONAL, are enterprizes of very different facility. For *one*, the rudeneſs and temerity of faction may ſuffice;—but nothing leſs than the power, which can change truth into falſehood, and duty into guilt, can expect to atchieve the other.

The letter, which has been forced from the privacy to which it was deſtined, may be permitted to ſpeak for itſelf. It muſt ſtrike the unprejudiced eye as an engine not to be employed with ſucceſs againſt its author;—as not ſullied with perſonal paſſion, or intereſt:—as

ſhewing

ſhewing *public principle* through a medium, too lucid for miſrepreſentation:—as diſcloſing a conſiſtency which never faulters, and which whiſpers to the ear of an acquaintance in the cloſet, the ſame principles that it avows to the people of England in the Senate. With his view of the importance of our church-eſtabliſhment in its connexion with juſt liberty, and with pure religion, the Biſhop might well regard his improvement of an opportunity to ſupport it, as compliance with the higheſt demands of his accountable ſtation. In truth, Sir, the hand, which wrote the letter in queſtion, was not leſs worthily, or epiſcopally employed, than the hand which guards the fountain of truth, or opens and directs the current of morals. To the *accuſations* againſt the Biſhop of St. David's, I have paid more attention than, from their importance, they have a right to aſk:—but the *invectives* and the *threats* of an exaſperated faction are too contemptible for my notice.—That I have ſtepped forward on this occaſion muſt be imputed ſolely to my love of truth; and to the pain which it gives me to ſee a great character ſuffering, even for a moment, from the injurioufneſs of party-malevolence. The friends of the illuſtrious

Prelate

Prelate well know, that it is not in the power of his enemies, whatever blows they may aim at him, to affect him with a wound. Desirous, with all the liberal of mankind, to *obtain* the favourable opinion of his species, he is far more solicitous to *deserve* it; and, while he does not arrogantly or unfeelingly decline the verdict of the multitude, he regards himself as amenable to a higher tribunal.—The vapour of the popular mouth may obscure and drown the vale; but it can never reach the eminence, on which he stands, nor taint the atmosphere, in which he breathes. An irritated faction may asperse, but it cannot sully:—to the smooth surface of worth the coarse tint will not adhere.—When the little passions of the hour are subsided and forgotten, the name of HORSLEY will assert its high rank among the names of those Scholars, Philosophers, Divines, and Pastors, who have adorned, enlightened, and improved the age in which they lived.

Feb. 4, 1790. FANNIUS.